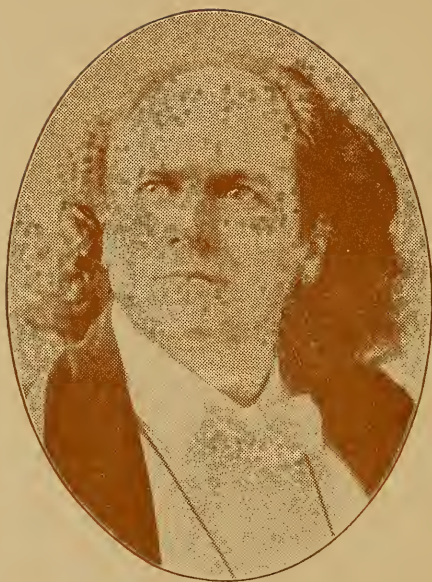


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ANTHONY'S ABSENCE

AND OTHER POEMS



Devo.

ANTHONY'S ABSENCE

AND OTHER POEMS

by

MILO DEYO

THE GYPSY POET-MUSICIAN

SOUVENIR EDITION

POUGHKEEPSIE

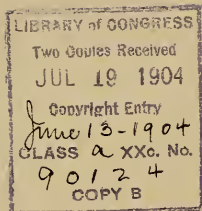
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INSCRIBED
WITH CHIVALROUS ADMIRATION
TO
CLEOPATRA
DAUGHTER OF THE PTOLEMIES
EGYPT'S PEERLESS QUEEN
AND
LOVE-QUEEN OF THE AGES

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ANTHONY'S ABSENCE

WRITTEN IN 1896

ANTHONY'S ABSENCE.

I.

Far from fair Egypt I roam,
Far, 'neath the heaven's blue dome,
 Far from her bowers,
 Her white lotus flowers,
Far from my heart's peerless home ;
Far from the days that have been,
Far from the joys I have seen,
 Far from the gladness
 Of love's wild madness,
Far from my Queen, my Queen !

Far from her eyes whose swift glances enthrall,
Far from her lips, whose soft kisses ne'er pall,
Far from her heart, the most priceless of all,
 Far from the heart of my Queen !
Far from her voice that is music divine,
Far from her soul that is wedded with mine,
Far from the treasures of love that e'er shine,
 Shine in the heart of my Queen !

Long have the tents of my warriors, by night,
Silently gleamed in the moon's silv'ry light ;
Long have the clamors of battle, by day,
Wakened the echoes of dread and dismay ;
Long have the helmet, the sword and the shield,
Flashed in their glory o'er Victory's field,
Yet sighs my heart, 'mid the pomp of the scene—
 Sighs for my Queen, my Queen !

II.

When shall I see her again ?
 When know the rapturous pain
 Of hearts united,
 Of love requited,
 Of worship not given in vain ?
 When shall I bask in her sheen ?
 When all Love's rich harvest glean ?
 When drink of pleasure
 In fullest measure,
 Safe in the arms of my Queen ?

 When shall I rest in the glow of her smile ?
 When watch, with her, the calm flow of the Nile,
 Lost in elysian mazes the while,
 Lost in the love of my Queen ?
 When shall I clasp her in bliss to my heart ?
 When wake the chords that in ecstasy start ?
 When close enfold her to nevermore part,
 Part from the heart of my Queen ?

 Sweet are the moments when love is confessed,
 Sweet is the quiver of lips, to lips pressed ;
 Sweet are the thrills that in Love's music dwell,
 Sweet the deep throb of Love's mystical spell ;
 Sweet are the meltings of soul into soul,
 Sweet the o'er-flowing of Love's golden bowl,
 So flies my heart, on Love's wings, all unseen—
 Flies to my Queen, my Queen !

TO LOVE—AND BEATRICE

WRITTEN IN 1892

TO LOVE—AND BEATRICE.

I.—*To Love.*

Love ! thou Eternal Flame !
Through change fore'er the same !
 Though ages roll away,
 Though worlds sink to decay,
Thou, Love, more grand than they,
Eternally shalt stay
 In hearts thine own !

 In hearts Love's own,
 Love's beauteous throne
Eternally shall rest,
 And Love's sweet smile
 Fore'er beguile,
Hearts that have love confessed !

II.—*To Beatrice.*

Then be my love for aye !
Wand'ring the live-long day,
 Thy gentle hand in mine,
 Knowing me wholly thine ;
Or, resting at Love's shrine,
Bask in Love's rays divine,
 In fond embrace !

 Oh Love's embrace !
 When thought gives place
To ecstasy sublime ;
 When rushes forth the soul,
 And permeates the whole
Of space and time !

III.—*Adoration.*

Love! thou Effulgent Light!
Gilding the heart's dark night—

Till every shadow flies,
Till glory fills the skies,
Till myriad joys arise
That love alone supplies—
Love, thou art bliss!

Love, thou art bliss!—
Sweet is thy kiss
As honeyed nectar rare;
When lips to lips surrender,
And hearts grow warm and tender—
Ah! heaven is there!

IV.—*Invocation.*

Then glow! thou Heavenly Flame,
Nor e'er thine ardor tame!
Touch, with thy magic fire,
All hearts, till they aspire!
Inspiring right desire,
Sweep on, still higher and higher,
Leading to God!

To God we bow.
Oh hear us now,
Great God to whom we pray;
Smile on us from above,
Thou whose great name is LOVE—
Teach us thy way!

McKINLEY LIVES!

This selection, which first appeared in the *Brooklyn Eagle* of September 19, 1901, was widely reprinted, and took rank as the strongest and most noteworthy poem written on the death of President McKinley. Many who see the poem here will doubtless recall having seen it elsewhere.

McKINLEY LIVES!

I.

McKinley dead!—And do we dream or rave?
What hath he done, forsooth, tell me who can,
That he should die, this Brother-of-his-Land?
Hath Death no modesty toward such a man?
But yesterday, his smile was kindly bent,
But yesterday, his grasp was warmly lent,
But yesterday, his voice was firm and clear—
Today, we stand, awe-stricken, by his bier.

II.

McKinley dead!—Bring forth the sable plume,
And rear his funeral-car Olympus high;
Spread wide the waving palm, with tears bedewed,
From East to West, and distant Luzon's sky;
Deep-drape the flag on every stately tower,
And let the music of this tragic hour
Be cannon-throated thunders from afar—
The pledge of peace, the memory of war.

III.

McKinley dead!—Rejoice for fame he won,
And mingle with the oak the laurel spray;
Encompass him with wreaths that wither not,
Though centuries wane, and dynasties decay;
Carve, broad and beautiful, a lasting shrine,
Where grandeur and simplicity combine—
Meet symbol of his great and gentle soul,
Who made *the Country's good* his perfect whole.

IV.

McKinley dead !— Ah no ! His life sublime
A glorious immortality assures ;
Enthroned in love, within the Nation's heart,
With Washington and Lincoln he endures ;
And ages yet unborn, shall waft his name
To further ages, and his worth proclaim.
McKinley lives !— Repeat the gladsome cry —
He lives ! He lives !— Nor can he ever die !

IN MEMORIAM

Written upon the death of the Rev. James Nilan,
for twenty-five years—lacking one day—Pastor
of St. Peter's R. C. Church, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

NOVEMBER, 1902

IN MEMORIAM.

I.

Oh Death! thou restless, roaming spirit of unrest and dread,
Why cam'st thou seeking in our midst, thy meed of honored dead?
Wert thou then jealous of our joyful joy in loving him,
Whom to know was to love, ay, and revere, that thou shouldst dim
Our eyes with these untimely tears, that fall upon his bier
In hallowed, heart-felt drops of tribute—silent, sad, sincere?

II.

Couldst thou not, e'en a little while, have still to us who weep
Been generous, before thou swathedst his eyes with heavy sleep—
Before thou wreathedst his prayerful lips in their last, peaceful smile—
Before thou mantledst saintly brow and kindly face, the while
From our fond gaze? Oh Death, who weepest not, couldst thou not wait?
Hadst thou such haste to carry him away to Heaven's gate?
Hadst thou no thought, save but of him alone, nor sawst our grief
To come? Ah, thou wert cruel, Death, or blind beyond relief!

III.

Yet shalt thou fail to crush, though thou hast bruised. We fear thee not,
Grim Death, nor fear for him, our brother and our friend, begot
Of God, since, through our tears, we see the morning sun arise,
And watch, by its glad light, his pure soul enter Paradise.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Hosanna to our Lord and God and King!
"Oh Grave, where is thy victory? Oh Death, where is thy sting?"

MY ROSE AND DEATH

WRITTEN IN 1893

MY ROSE AND DEATH.

I.

What says the heart of my white, white rose,
As I gaze at its bosom fair?
Think you it knows
My hidden woes,
The woes of love and despair?
Ah yes, it knows,
My white, white rose,
It knows all the woes I bear!

II.

What says the heart of my rose, rose white,
As I press my lips to its breast?
Says it "Good-night!"
Smiles it aright,
As it softly sinks to rest?
Ah rose, Good-night!
My rose, rose white—
Thou knowest whom I love best!

III.

Thou knowest my love, thou knowest well
The secret my soul waits to know;
Then tell, oh tell—
Loves she me well?
Speak rose, and say that 'tis so!
Say not music's spell
But whispered farewell—
Oh rose that she gave, no, no!

IV.

Thus says the heart of my rose to me,
 Thus says it of her I adore—
"Thy love loves not thee,"
 Says my rose to me,
"So cherish fond hopes no more!"
 And the midnight sea
 Moans piteously,
 And my barque is far from shore.

V.

What says the Spirit of Death, o'er the wave,
 As it grimly approaches my prow?—
"The white rose she gave,"
 Says Death, o'er the wave,
*"Shall nevermore part from thee now;
 Her hand will not save
 Thee from ocean's grave,
 But her pale flower shall bloom on thy brow!"*

VI.

And the pallor of death, like a white, white rose,
 Settles over my forehead, so cold;
 And the burden who knows,
 Of my heart's hidden woes,
 And its story of love left untold?
 Yet, in my last throes,
 I kiss thee, oh rose
 That she gave! And the waves me enfold.

GARLANDS!—NOT TEARS

WRITTEN IN 1892

GARLANDS!—NOT TEARS.

A SONG OF IMMORTALITY.

Lay not me down to sleep—when Death's cold hand
Shall claim me for a guest of Slumber-land—
With aught of sadd'ning thought, nor deem my tomb
Bereft of hope, and shadowed o'er with gloom ;
Say not, with swelling heart and tearful eye,
That Death is harsh, nor heave one bitter sigh ;
Regard my upturned, death-encompassed face,
And mark—beneath the scars of Earth—a trace
Of heavenly beauty, born not to decay—
A touch of the Divine, that lives alway !
Reflected from my brow, across the night,
Behold a ray of glorious morning light,
And know, that, though the while we sleep in death,
We perish not who once have breathed God's breath.

SONGS

THE BIRD'S REPLY.

Written in 1897.

I.

A little bird flew to the sky one day,
Singing his song so gay ;
A little bird flew to the sky away,
Nor ever a moment would stay ;
O little bird, why
Go you flying so high,
So high, in the blue, blue sky ?
“ 'Tis for love that I fly ! ”
Was his eager reply,
As he flew to the blue, blue sky.

II.

A little bird flew from the sky one day,
Singing his song so gay ;
A little bird flew from the sky away,
Nor ever a moment would stay ;
O little bird, why
Went you flying so high,
So high, in the blue, blue sky ?
“ 'Tis for love that I fly ! ”
Came the selfsame reply,
As he flew from the blue, blue sky.

THE TWO "GOOD-NIGHTS."

Written in 1897.

I.

A dainty head on downy pillow pressed—

Good-night !

The new-made bride hath sunk to rest,

By love's encircling arms caressed,

Her joys forgotten, one by one,

For oh ! the gladsome day is done—

Good-night ! Good-night !

II.

A silent form in snowy casket sleeps—

Good-night !

The stricken bridegroom vigil keeps

And through the darkness moaning weeps ;

His bride heeds not—life's sands are run,

And oh ! death's wakeless dream begun—

Good-night ! Good-night !

THOUGH THE YEARS GROW GRAY !

Written in 1896.

Oh why com'st thou not, my love, my love,
 Though I wait for thee night and day ?
Oh why com'st thou not, my love, my love,
 Though the years grow gray ?
Oh why com'st thou not to soothe life's pain,
 To cheer life's weary way,
To sing, at last, love's sweet refrain,
 Though the years grow gray ?

I've waited long, and I wait thee still,
I wait thee, love, in the ev'ning's chill,
I wait thy voice, that my heart shall thrill,
 Though the years grow gray.

I feel thy breath on my raptured cheek,
I clasp thy form, and I hear thee speak ;
Thou'rt come, thou'rt come my love to seek,
 Though the years grow gray !

ALONE WITH THEE !

Written in 1897.

I.

When sinks the sun, at close of day,
 Behind the hills to rest,
And hastens, through the dark'ning way,
 The late dove to her nest,
When glitt'ring star-gems jewel sky,
 And moon-beams silver sea,
I fain earth's crowded haunts would fly,
 And be—alone with thee !

Refrain.

I fain would be,
Alone with thee ;
I fain, I fain would be,
Alone—alone with thee !

II.

When glow the lights in festive halls,
 Where pleasure's throng holds sway,
And beauty's voice in music calls
 The ravished heart to stay,
When others quaff life's nectared wine,
 'Mid song and shout and glee,
I fain would seek thy peaceful shrine,
 And be—alone with thee !

LIPS, HEART AND EYES.

Written in 1903.

I.

My lips are quivering their love to tell,
Yet cannot find the words they fondly seek;
Thy virgin love, like some soft, silvery bell,
Alone can voice the message they would speak.

II.

My heart is shivering in fear and dread,
Lest thou shouldst proudly turn thy face away,
And leave it lying, silent, cold and dead,
Where once its music filled the gladsome day.

III.

Mine eyes are rivering, adown my cheeks,
Their wealth of tribute in great liquid pearls;
Accept the worship their o'erflowing speaks,
Nor deem their weakness that of craven churls.

LOVE-TOKENS FOUR.

Written in 1903.

I.

It is only a wee little word, little love,
Just a wee little word from my heart ;
Yet it tells all the yearning,
Of a love that is burning—
Tells the secret no art could impart !

II.

It is only a delicate flower, little love,
Just a delicate flower from my hand ;
Yet its fragrance and beauty,
Breathe of love's deepest duty—
Breathe of blending in Love's summer land !

III.

It is only a lingering glance, little love,
Just a lingering glance from my eye ;
Yet your soul it caresses,
While my love it confesses—
All the love that will nevermore die !

IV.

It is only a soft, silent kiss, little love,
Just a soft, silent kiss on your lips ;
Yet it seals the eternal,
And reveals the supernal—
Honeyed sweets that the bee never sips !

NIGHT AND MORN.

Written in 1900.

I.

Each night, as weary with the busy rush of day
I lay me down upon my narrow couch to sleep,
I close my eyes, and to the guardian spirits pray
That they from harm my little one till morn will keep.

II.

And then at morn, before I rise from rest to toil,
Again I close my eyes, and confidently pray
The guardian spirits still all threatening harm to foil,
And keep my little one in peace throughout the day.

LOVE'S RIVER—AN ACROSTIC.

Written in 1904.

Measureless, silent, as river to sea—
Answering fondly thy heart-throb for me—
Yearningly flows, love, my love over thee!
Trustingly, sweetly, with rapturous quiver,
Into thine ocean-heart flows my love-river—
Eager to rest in thy breast, love, forever!

HUMOR

THE MONARCH.

Written in 1889.

Out in the moonlight, sombre and lone,
Sat the royal monarch upon his throne ;
Lord of the earth, while others slept,
His watchful eye its vigil kept ;
Sat on his throne, so stately and high,
Shadowed against the midnight sky ;
Majestic'ly sat, while the stars above,
Smiled on the sleeping world, in love.

“An hour passed on—the Turk awoke,
That bright dream was his last ;”
He woke to hear the monarch shriek—
In tones high-pitched, and far from weak—
“Get off o’ this roof, marauder bold !
How dare you come where my court I hold ?
Away ! away ! or I’ll tear your eyes !”
Thus the indignant monarch cries ;
“Away thou’lt not?—then take thou that !”—
And fiercely he flew at the *other cat*.

The sleeping neighbors, aroused in fright,
Poke white-capped heads out into the night ;
A single glance—no further proof—
’Tis the two cats fighting upon the roof.

A hush in the air—a shadow passed,
The fight was good, but it didn’t last ;
The boot-jack struck the monarch fair,
Knocking him two feet into the air ;

He turned his head, as he turned about—
'Twas a masterly turn at knocking-out—
He turned his head, and his eyes flashed fire,
But all that he said was—"Ma-ri-ar! Ma-ri-ar!"
Then out of their vision he quickly sped,
And alas, on the morrow, they found him—dead.

"There in the twilight, cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful he lay;"
Still grasping in his outstretched paw,
A bunch of fur, from the other cat's maw;
"And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star"—
Ma-ri-ar! Ma-ri-ar!

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home,"—
No-Place-Like-Home-Ma-ri-ar!

THE UN-LOST DIS-CHORD.

Written in 1899.

I.

Seated vun night at de organ—
I vas cranky und hard to please,
Und my fingers scampered crazy,
Ofer de rattlin' keys;
I didn't care vot I vas dooin',
Or vot I vas thinkin' aboutt,
Und I struck vun awful dischord,
Vot knocked de whole beesness oudt.

II.

It busted dot organ bellows,
So quick—like a dynamite boom,
Und scattered me, und der music,
All ofer dot ploomin' room;
It broke up de vindow sashes,
It blowed oudt de gas in de hall,
Und in yoost aboutt two seconds,
You couldn't see nodding at all.

III.

It crawled away under my collar,
It twisted itself in my hair,
Und de pow-vow it keeps on makin',
Vould drive me to despair;
I have flew aboutt, madly, insanely,
Dot terrible racket to looze—
Vot chewed pieces oudt of de organ—
But never it aindt any use.

IV.

It may be dot de Angel Gabriel,
Ven he comes, his trumpet to blow,
Might scare away dot nonsense—
Ah, but yet—I don't know;
It may be dot the Funeral Director,
Might quiet dot noise again,
Und maybe it will took de Devil,
To finish dot horrible strain.

THE CATASTROPHE.

Written in 1904.

I.

The gay image-vender tripped jauntily by,
With his basket of wares on his head,
Nor dreamed that the light of his beautiful eye,
Would soon fade to a shadow of dread.

II.

He dealt in the masters—Beethoven, Mozart,
Wagner, Chopin, Paderewski and Liszt—
And hastened along with a buoyant heart,
Sunny, hopeful—when suddenly—*phist!*

III.

A frantic convulsion—a whirl in the air—
A movement too rapid to trace—
And poor mister Dago sat tearing his hair,
While astonishment covered his face.

IV.

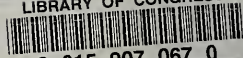
His images large, and his images small—
All the brilliant and famous array—
Before him, in fragments, from gutter to wall,
Strewed the pavement in sorrowful way.

V.

*"Now-a look-a! bad-a luck-a! can't-a no-a more sel-la!
Dam-ma or-nge-peel-a un-da da heel-a!
Da big-ga mu-si-cia all-a gone-a to hel-la!
O-ma-ga-da how sad-a I feel-a!"*

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